

Executive Registry

8-3476

Major General Charles A. Willoughby

Mr Allen W. Dulles
The Director C.I.A.

June 6/56

My dear Mr. Dulles

After a disturbing interregnum of "house moving", I am now catching up with my reading and my correspondence.

I have just seen the May 25th issue of "U.S. News & World Report" - a superior issue, in my opinion, which is enhanced by a reprint of your significant address at a dinner of the "U. of Penna. Law Review".

Considering your rare appearance in print, this is an outstanding essay, in every respect, in literary style which is hard to maintain with such a subject and in power of thesis and argument. I agree with your ideas in every particular. This important article will not only contribute to the prestige of C.I.A. but it ought to clarify and balance the utter confusion of parallel articles now written, on the Soviet enigma, by every armchair strategist and dry-martini commentator in the country.

STAT

I am now established in my new residence, in Washington, and you are naturally welcome. With kind personal regards

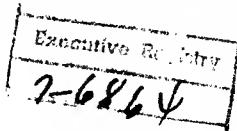
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Sincerely

Charles A. Willoughby

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Major General Charles A. Willoughby

Mr Allen W. Dulles
The Director C.I.A.
Washington 25 D C

Dec 3/55

My dear Dulles

If there is a single item that I missed since following MacArthur into political exile, it is the absence of clerical help and the sad compulsion to do my own typing, which delays my correspondence, though I do cover the more important letters eventually.

This is in reply to yours of Nov. 20th. I will be in Washington over the holidays to visit the Sebalds. I will then cover the Speidel-Tempehoff conversations. I am moving to Washington, for no particular reason and I am building a house at 3602 Massachusetts Ave, next to the Sebalds, primarily because I am suddenly tired of New York - ghetto of the gentiles !

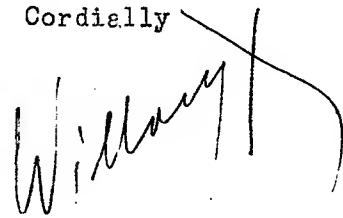
Under separate cover, I have sent you a copy of Karl May's "In the Desert". It is not important. Pure escapist literature - except that as a reluctant publisher, it gives me greater scope, for many things (if I want to do them), a complet emancipation from the cabal of leftist publishers and book-reviewers, who are very efficient (especially in New York) to kill or emasculate what they do not like. - It also provides me with what we know fraternally as "cover". I am reasonably well (and plausibly) known, in Spain and Germany, now as a writer and "publisher". You might keep that in mind. I have some odd invitations - for example, some weeks ago, before the collapse of Perón, the Argentine Attaché thought I might come down there. These people are afraid of the average reporter - but feel at home with an ex-military. A similar feeler went out from Venezuela. I knew the present regime, when they were younger, in my tour as Mil Attache' in Venezuela, in 1923-1925. As a student of Bolívar's campaign of Boyaca, I traced his itinerary overland in one of the very few transcontinental journeys, by land, made in this Century. A propos, Alexander Humboldt was a very shrewd observer. The Am Oil Cos might have spotted the Maracaibo seepages, if they had read his "Reisen im Aequinoctial Süd America". I carried an early edition in my saddle bags. -

Anyways, I discovered one of the few Bolivarian portraits of the epoch, when he wintered in Pasto, in the Cordillera. I had the good sense to donate the portrait to the Foreign Office. It hangs there to day, in the despacho del Ministro de Asuntos Exteriores. - A friend, from those days, who was then the Ecuadorian Minister V H Escala is a big shot in the newspaper field and thinks a visit, reminiscing of the days of 1926 and noting developments in 1956 might become a sensation contribution (provided of course that it is laudatory to the régime ?)

(over)

I imagine that I am restless and seek outlets for my energies. Since my peculiar talents are not employable in your outfit (which I deplore and consider just a bit silly), I must do something else. I sometimes wonder, if this reluctance is traceable to the hatreds or prejudice engendered by MacArthur, whom I naturally defended as I would any man, whom I work for. Sometimes, I must ask my friend Jerry Persons about that. We correspond on odds and ends

Cordially

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "William J. Flynn". The signature is written in a cursive style with a vertical line extending from the end of the "J" in "Flynn" towards the right edge of the page.